

...THE HORROR-MOOD AWAITS WITHIN: 'THE WETNESS IN THE PIT'...

nightmade

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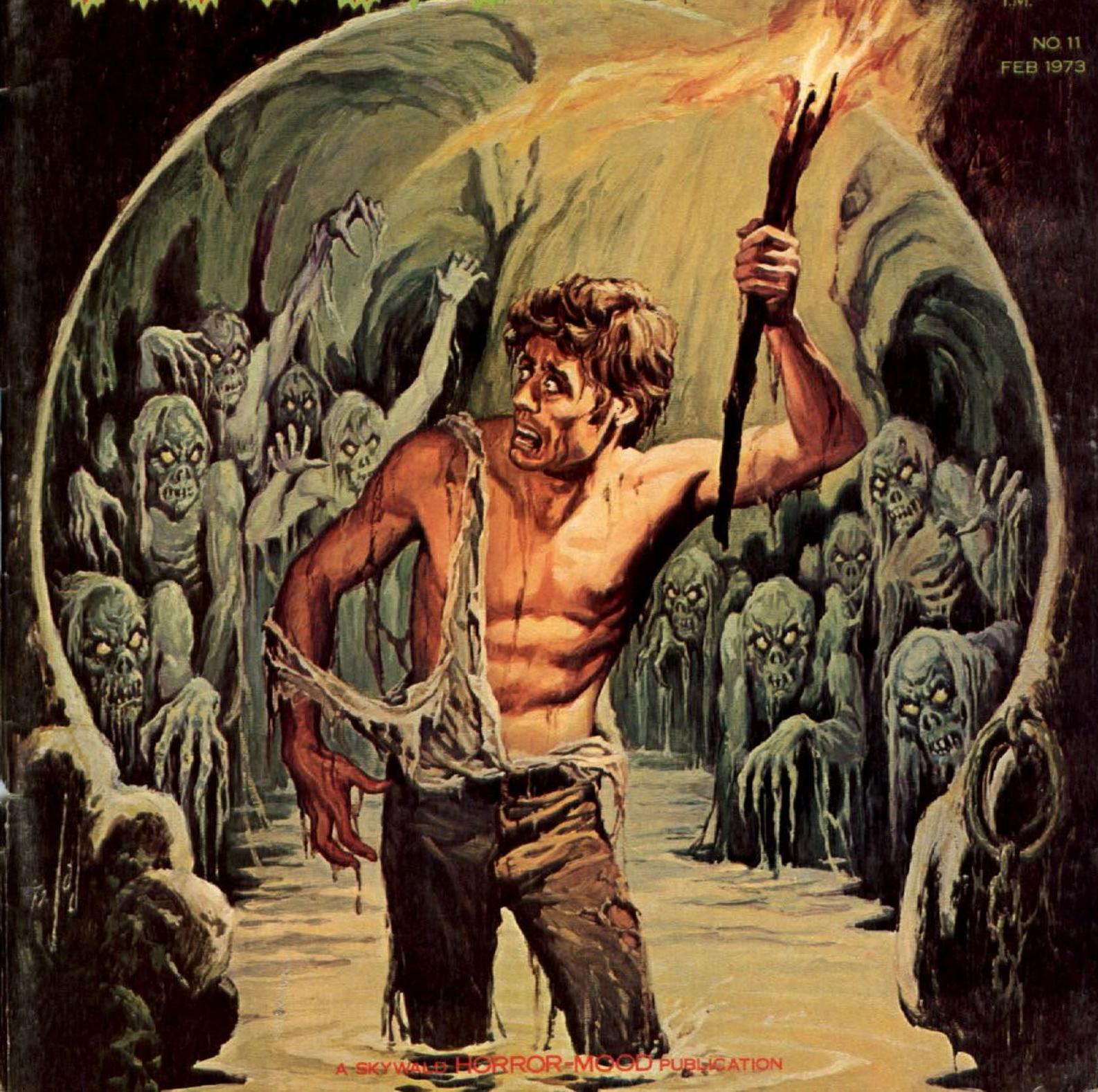
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NIGHTMARE

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HEREIN TO PEOPLE LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM
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... THIS IS
THE ISSUE OF
THE FEAST
OF HORROR...

...WELCOME TO
THE PIT...
WHERE THE FETID
WETNESS IS
SUFFOCATING...
... HEH HEH HEH...

...WE BID YOU ENTER HERE
WITH AN OPEN MIND...FOR
BEFORE YOU CLOSE THIS
CLIMACTIC NIGHTMARE
YOU WILL BE A PRISONER
TO THE HORROR...
MOOD...

PABLO
MARCOS



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PROLOGUE TO A PRIMER:

...LET US TAKE A LEERING STEP **BACKWARDS** TO THOSE DAYS OF EARLY SCHOOL WHEN WE WERE LEARNING TO READ AND WRITE...WHEN DICK AND JANE ROMPED AWKWARDLY THROUGH PATHETIC CLICHE AFTER CLICHE:

SEE DICK
SEE JANE
SEE DICK RUN AFTER JANE
SEE THEM RUN
RUN RUN RUN
BETTER RUN FAST JANE
WHEN DICK CATCHES YOU...
...HE'S GONNA...
KILL!

...NOW JOIN OUR **A-B-C**
PRIMER TO HORROR... AS
WE INTRODUCE A
HOMICIDAL MANIAC:

THE WETNESS IN THE PIT

SEE HOMICIDAL STALK HIS PREY
SEE HIM STALK
STALK STALK STALK
SEE HIM RAISE THE GUN
SEE HIM **DEMAND** THE MONEY
SEE HIM **TAKE** THE MONEY
SEE HIM **KILL**
KILL AND KILL AND KILL

SEE THE POLICE CAR
SEE THE POLICE-MEN
HEAR THE POLICE SIREN
CUTTING INTO HIS MIND
RIPPING INTO HIS BRAIN
SHRIEKING INTO HIS SOUL
SEE HIM START TO RUN
RUN HOMICIDAL **RUN...**

RUN LIKE **HELL** HOMICIDAL
RUN INTO THE ALLEY
HEAR THE BRAKES SCREACH
LISTEN TO THE POUNDING FOOTSTEPS BEHIND YOU
CLIMB THE FENCE
CLIMB IT HOMICIDAL
CLIMB IT FAST AND FURIOUS
CLIMB IT BABY **CLIMB...**



CHAPTER ONE

SEE HOMICIDAL
SEE HIS EYES
SEE HOW THEY ARE FILLED WITH MURDER AND MADNESS
SEE IF YOU CAN SEE THE **INSANITY** THEREIN
SEE IF YOU CAN FEEL THE **CRUELTY**
HIS **EYES** HAVE GOT IT
THAT IS WHY HE IS NICKNAMED...
HOMICIDAL



...AND SO
STARTS OUR
COVER STORY...



CHAPTER TWO

THERE'S A **MILLION** ALLEYS YET HOMICIDAL
FIND THEM ALL-SEARCH
HIDE HIDE HIDE
RUN RUN RUN
FLEE HOMICIDAL
FLEE THE MAN IN BLUE
HE'S COMIN' TO GET YOU...



SEE THE HOLE IN THE GROUND
IT IS DEEP AND DARK AND BLACK
SEE HOMICIDAL RUNNING
BLINDLY TOWARD THAT PIT
SEE HIM TRIP AND SKID
SEE HIM FALL HEAD-FIRST
INTO THAT PIT
INTO THAT **HELL**

CHAPTER THREE:

THIS IS THE PIT
IT IS DARK AND IT IS WET
THE WETNESS IS **ODD**
FOR IT IS NOT **STAGNANT** WETNESS
IT IS A MOVING **FLUID** WETNESS
IT IS A MOANING **HORRIBLE** WETNESS
A WETNESS THAT MAKES NOISES
... LIKE IT IS ALIVE...

THERE IS A TORCH ON THE WALL
LIKE IT WAS AWAITING
WHY WOULD IT AWAIT?
ANOTHER ODDNESS
LIKE THE WETNESS
THE ODDNESS OF THE WETNESS
THE AWFUL GROANING OF THE WETNESS
... THE *wetness in the pit*...

LIGHT YOUR WAY HOMICIDAL
FEEL AND GROPE THE WET WALLS
THE WETNESS AND DAMPNESS AND AWKWARDNESS
FEEL IT HOMICIDAL -- **FEEL IT**
YOU WANT TO GET OUT
BUT YOU CANNOT
THERE IS NO WAY UP OR OUT
... ONLY **DEEPER AND INNER...**

CHAPTER FOUR:

YOU FEEL THE EYES WATCHING?
YOU FEEL THEM SEARCHING?
HOMICIDAL?
YOU STILL **WITH IT** MAN?
OR ARE YOU LOSING YOUR MIND?
IN YOUR FEAR
FEAR-HOMICIDAL-FEAR
... YOU'VE NEVER KNOW FEAR BEFORE...
NEVER **FEAR** BEFORE...

THEN A NOISE IN THE TUNNEL
A **NOISE HOMICIDAL** - A **NOISE** IN THE PIT
AND THE THINGS RETREAT AND FALL BACKWARDS
AND THE NOISE COMES **LOUDER**
LOUDER LOUDER LOUDER
TILL IT BLASTS INTO YOUR MIND
CRASHES INTO YOUR HURTING BRAIN
CRUSHES YOUR **SENSES** HOMICIDAL

AND THE MONSTER COMES AT YOU
HUGE AND UGLY AND FIERCE
COMES RUSHING AT YOU
RUNNING AT YOU
MURDEROUS
WITH **DEAD LIFELESS EYES**
AND A **MOUTH** THAT RUMMLES
AND IT COMES TO KILL

HOMICIDAL FEELS THE EYES
PIERCING AND WATCHING AND GROPING
GROPING INTO HIS **MIND**
LOOKING INTO HIS **EYES**
HOMICIDAL'S HOMICIDAL EYES
EYES OF HORROR INTO EYES OF **MURDER**
AND THE EYES ARE ALSO **WET**

NOW THEY COMES **FORMS**
PHYSICAL BEINGS OF FLESH AND BONE
WITH **EYES**
FEEL THE EYES HOMICIDAL
KNOW **FEAR** HOMICIDAL
FEAR BURNING INTO YOUR **GUT**
AS THEY **CLOSE-IN**
CLOSER CLOSER CLOSER

AND IT **DEVOURS** YOU
AND EATS YOU
THE HOMICIDAL ONE **EATS** YOU HOMICIDAL
EATS YOU WITH ITS **EYES**
AND EATS YOU WITH ITS **AWFUL VOICE**
AND CHEWS YOU WITH THOSE DISGUSTING **TEETH**
KILLS AND EATS AND **EATS**
TILL HOMICIDAL... IS ... NO LONGER THE HUNTER
NO LONGER THE HUNTED
NO LONGER MAD AND LUNATIC
BUT SIMPLY... **dead**...

FUN HOUSE OF HORROR

...RIDE THE BEAST INTO THE WETNESS
OF THE PIT WHERE FIENDISH MONSTERS
WILL ATTACK YOU...

FUN FUN FUN FOR ALL AGES

HE WAS LIKE THIS
WHEN I CAME IN THIS
MORNING JUST DEAD
HE WAS DEAD
DEAD DEAD DEAD
NOTHING I COULD DO
THIS MAN WAS DEAD
WHEN I CAME IN THIS
MORNING ...AT
SEVEN O'CLOCK...

HE WAS
HOMICIDAL
HE WAS A
REAL **NUT**
A REAL TOOTY
FRUITY NUT
ATOOTY FRUITY
NUT...HE KILLED
FOR **FUN**...NOW
SOCIETY IS AVENGED...
AVENGED AVENGED AVENGED
...AND MINUS EXPENSIVE
COURT COSTS TOO...



THROUGH BHUTAN, AND INTO THE RUGGED **HIMALAYAN** WILDERNESS OF **ANCIENT TIBET**... THROUGH NANGPA-LA, AND ALONG THE RUSHES OF THE BHOTE RIVER THEY HAVE FOLLOWED IN **HIS** WAKE.

FROM MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS THEY APPEAR A **SILENT STRING OF BEADED MEN**, AS THEY TRED UPON **HIS SACRED DOMAIN.....**

TO THOSE IN PURSUIT, HE IS ANIMAL ... TO THE PEOPLE OF THE HINTERLANDS, HE IS GOD! ADORED BY DISCIPLES... WORSHIPPED BY FOLLOWERS, HE IS KNOWN ONLY TO LIVING FEW, AS

STAN WIMM

FEDORY AND BORRELL



AS AN ANXIOUS SUN RISES ABOVE THE MAJESTIC PEAKS OF THE HIMALAYAS.....

YOUNG FOOL !!!...

SOON YOU WILL KNOW DEATH AS A CONSTANT COMPANION!!

SUDDENLY, AS THE PARTY OF MEN ARE ENCAMPED DURING A FREAK STORM.....

AAAAYYYOOOOOOOO!!!!

AAAAYYYOOOOOOOO!!!!



GOOD LORD!!!
IS THAT WHAT
WE CAME TO
CAPTURE??!

THERE
MUST BE A
DOZEN OF
THEM!!!

IT'S THEM!!!
QUICKLY!!!
GET YOUR RIFLES
AND FOLLOW ME!!!



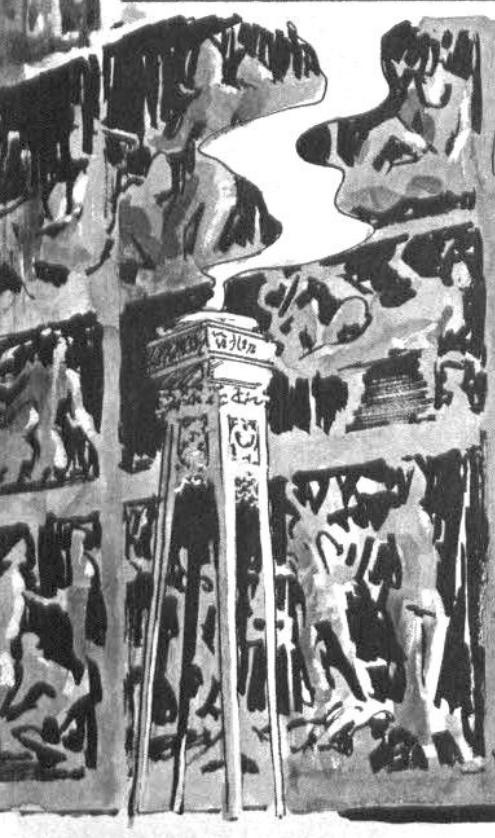
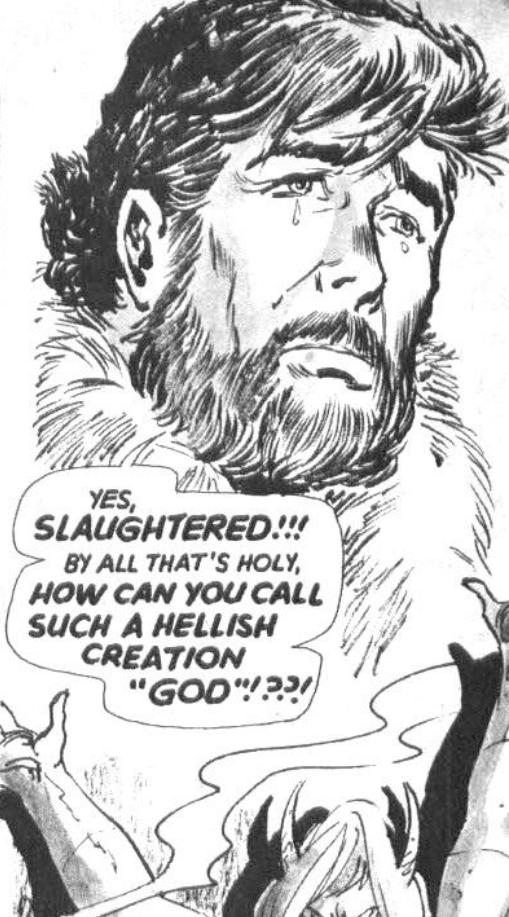
WHERE ARE
THEY?? I CAN'T
SEE A THING!!!



GOD SAVE ME,
I'M BLINDED
BY THE
GLARE!!!!







I THOUGHT SURELY BY THIS TIME YOU
WOULD HAVE GUESSED!!!

"TAW" IS
MUCH LIKE
YOUR
GOD...

.....HE DWELLS
IN ALL WHO
BELIEVE!!!!



LON CHANEY SR. in THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA



Below, we re-create a SCENE from the most famous of all SILENT HORROR FILMS, by the MASTER of silent horror... 'THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES', portraying Gaston Leroux' famous fictional character of the SEWERS OF PARIS... the ACID-TORTURED, MIND-TORMENTED UNMASKED ORGANIST OF TERROR!



THE CONTINUING SKYWALD FEATURE
WHERE YOU ARE THE WRITER...AS WE
TELL THE STORY OF YOUR NIGHTMARE WORLD!

THE BEASTS OF THE STONE BEACH!



wayne
heward

IT HAPPENED LAST SUMMER; THE SUMMER OF '71. MIKE BLACK, A STUDENT OF SOCIOLOGY AT A NEARBY STATE COLLEGE, LIES ON THE ROCKY RHODE ISLAND OUTLINE, THINKING ABOUT PEOPLE, HIS STUDIES, HIS DREAMS, HIS WORLD! COMES THE DUSK AND THE MOODY SKIES OVER NARRAGANSETT BAY CAST RED SHADOWS UPON HIS MIND...A MIND TROUBLED OVER TRADITIONAL IDEAS VERSUS CHANGE...

BY MIKE BLACK
AS TOLD TO
ALAN HEWETSON



...THE BOOK HE HOLDS FALLS
FROM HIS GRASP ONTO THE
ROCKS...FALLS EVEN AS HE
FALLS FITFULLY INTO SLEEP...IN
TO THE MAD NIGHTMARE WORLD!

"WHEN DAWN CAME I AWAKENED... IT HAD BEEN A NIGHTMARISH SLEEP... IT WAS LONG MINUTES BEFORE I FELT FULLY AWAKE... BEFORE I KNEW THAT THE SUN THAT BEAT DOWN ON ME WAS REAL... NOT JUST AN EXTENSION OF THE HORROR I HAD KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT."



"AS I CRAWLED OVER THE ROCKY COAST, I BEGAN TO FEEL AN ODD SENSATION OF MOVEMENT... NOT THE BEATING BY MY SIDE, BUT OF REVULSION, AS OF SOMETHING OBSCENE THAT I SENSED WAS WATCHING ME WITH MANY EYES..."

"IT SEEMED AS IF THE ROCKS WERE MOVING BENEATH ME... THEN I REALIZED TO MY HORROR... THEY WERE MOVING! THEY WERE COVERED BY A THICK SLIME-MUCK... A SLIDING OOZE... SLIDING WITH A PURPOSE... UP THE BEACH AND THE ROCKS TO THE SUMMIT WHERE I HAD SLEPT MERE MOMENTS BEFORE... IT WAS A THING WITH A MIND!"



"I TRIED TO RUN, BUT MY LEGS SANK INTO THE SUBSTANCE THAT ONLY A MINUTE AGO WAS SOLID... THE THING KNEW OF MY PRESENCE... WORSE... IT KNEW I WAS AWARE OF ITS LIFE!"



"AS I STRUGGLED, THE THING SEEMED TO SPLIT INTO PIECES...A SINGLE PIECE, AN ISLAND, GREW UNDER ME...GREW AND GATHERED FROM NOTHINGNESS...CLIMBED UP MY LEGS... HIGHER, EVER HIGHER... MY LEGS BEGAN TO FEEL SUDDENLY NUMB... ALL FEELING LEFT ME..."

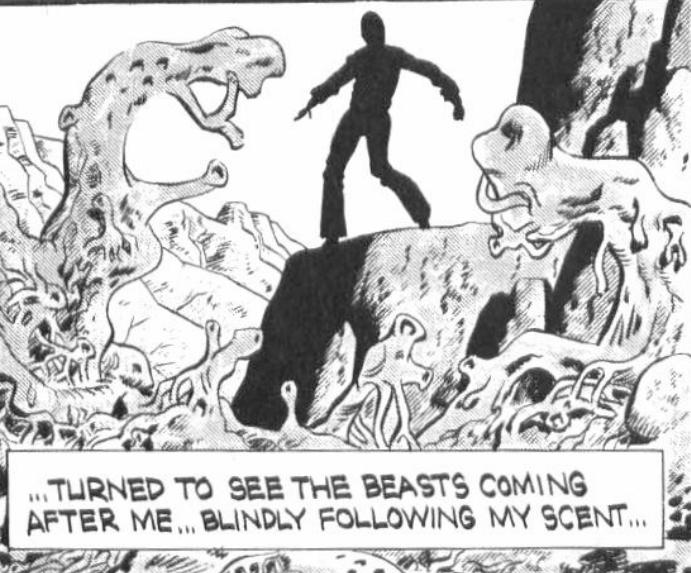


UP TO MY CHEST... MY BODY... NUMB... IMPOSSIBLE TO FIGHT IT...

SUCKING THE LIFE OUT OF ME... LIKE... QUICKSAND...

IT'S WORKING... I'M PULLING MYSELF OUT OF THE SLIME THING...

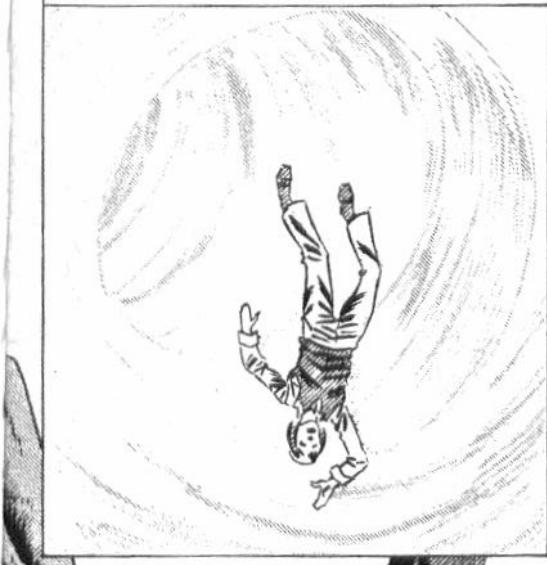
THE INSTANT I WAS FREE OF THE SLIME-THING I RAN... FOR LIFE AND SANITY... TO A BLUFF... OVERLOOKING THE SCENE WHERE I TURNED...



"AGAIN I RAN ... RAN 'TIL THE AIR
WOULD NO LONGER FIT IN MY
LUNGS ... RAN 'TIL THE SKY TURNED
BLACK AND I FELL , UNCONSCIOUS
UPON THE ROCKY SHORE ... "

"WHEN I WOKE , THE WORLD
AROUND ME SEEMED STRANGE
AND MORBID... IT HAD BEEN A
DREAM... THE THINGS ON THE
BEACH... THE SLIME THAT
HAD GROWN ON ME..."

"ALL A MAD DREAM... FOR THE DAWN
WAS ONLY JUST COMING OVER THE
HORIZON... AND THE MOON WAS ONLY
JUST SETTLING INTO THE ATLANTIC
...IT HAD ALL BEEN A DREAM ...A
LUNATIC NIGHTMARE..."



"BUT THERE IS SOMETHING THAT
NEEDS EXPLAINING...PERHAPS YOU
CAN DISCERN THE ANSWER , DEAR
READER ...FOR CERTAINLY...I CANNOT!
...WHY WAS IT THAT WHEN I
SEARCHED FOR MY BOOKS I FOUND
THEM NOT BESIDE ME ... BUT
HUNDREDS OF YARDS AWAY?...AT
THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF WHERE
I HAD BATTLED THE BEASTS OF
MY NIGHTMARE ... WHY IS IT THEY
WERE ON TOMB - BEACH WHERE I
HAD NEVER BEEN DURING MY
WAKING HOURS IN **MY LIFE!**



PERHAPS WHEN YOU WRITE IN TO ANALYZE MIKE'S DREAM, YOU
MIGHT WANT TO SPECULATE AS HE SAYS ...YOU MIGHT WANT TO
EXPLAIN HOW A NIGHTMARE AND REALITY CAN BECOME ONE!
NEXT ISSUE MAY BE THE STORY OF YOUR MIND-BLOWING
NIGHTMARE ...WRITE IN AND TELL US YOUR WILDEST, MOST BIZ-
ARRE NIGHTMARES (OR EXPERIENCES) AND WE'LL PRINT THE
BEST WE RECEIVE IN FUTURE ISSUES. SORRY, BUT ALL MATERIAL
YOU SUBMIT CANNOT BE ACKNOWLEDGED OR RETURNED UNLESS
WE USE IT!

WRITE TODAY TO:
-THE ARCHAIC EDITORS-
'THE NIGHTMARE WORLD'
SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION
18 EAST 41 ST STREET
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.
10017

ONCE THERE WAS A TEMPLE. IN IT, THERE DWELT A GOD CALLED SERBIUS WHO HAD REIGNED, IT WAS SAID, SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME...

T. CASEY BRENNAN AND CARLOS GARZON

SERBIUS!
IT IS I--
ELECTRA!
I BRING BAD
TIDINGS!

OLYMPUS! GASP! IT LIES IN RUINS! WHERE GODS ONCE STOOD, THERE ARE ONLY ASHES! AND THAT IS NOT ALL! YOUR HIGH PRIESTS-- THEY HAVE DESERTED YOU! THEY HAVE PLEDGED TO RETURN TO THIS TEMPLE NO MORE, SERBIUS AND THE PEOPLE HAVE FOLLOWED THEM!

MY HEART BLEEDS FOR YOU SERBIUS, NOBLEST OF ALL OUR GODS! FOR YOUR HOUR IS SOON AT HAND!

CAN IT BE TRUE?
AM I ALL THAT REMAINS OF GODHOOD?

CARLOS GARZON
71-72.

WHERE GODS ONCE STOOD

AND WHAT OF
YOU, ELECTRA?
WHERE DOES YOUR
ALLEGIANCE LIE?



I LOVE
YOU,
SERBIUS!

IT IS
GOOD TO
KNOW THAT
YOU SERVE ME
STILL. YOU
WILL BE WELL
REWarded
FOR YOUR
LOYALTY!



SO? IS
THERE A
DIFFERENCE?

IF YOU
WERE A
MAN AND
NOT A GOD,
YOU WOULD
KNOW THE
DIFFERENCE!

I ENTREAT
YOU SERBIUS! YOU
ARE MADE OF BONE
AND FLESH! YOU NEED
NOT BE A GOD! STEP
DOWN FROM YOUR
ALTAR AND BECOME
AS ANY OTHER
MORTAL!



I DID NOT SAY
THAT I SERVED YOU
STILL, SERBIUS!
I SAID THAT I
LOVED YOU!



LOOK!
A STORM IS
RAGING! YOUR
DESTRUCTION MAY BE
ONLY MOMENTS AWAY!
WHY DO YOU CLING TO
YOUR POMPOUS GODHOOD
AT SUCH A TIME AS THIS?
IT BELONGS TO YESTERDAY,
SERBIUS! OF WHAT USE
IS A GOD WHOM NO
ONE WORSHIPS?

YOUR WORDS
ARE **BLASPHEMY**
ELECTRA! BUT THESE ARE
TROUBLED TIMES AND I
WILL BE PATIENT WITH
YOU!





BEHOLD THE POWER OF SERBIUS!
LET THE STORM BE CALMED! LET
THE WINDS BE STILLED! IT IS I --
THE ALMIGHTY SERBIUS WHO
COMMANDS IT!

LET THE LIGHTNING BE
NO MORE! LET PEACE
AND TRANQUILITY
RETURN TO THE
TEMPLE! LET THE
CLOUDS OF
CHAOS BE
TORN FROM
THE SKY!

YOU
FOOL! IT'S
NO USE!
YOU CAN'T
STOP IT!

LET
THE RAINS
FALL NO
MORE!
LET --

AND THEN, IN
THE MIDST OF
THE RUINS,
THERE IS ONLY
ONE WHO STIRS...

SERBIUS!
SERBIUS! GASP!
WHAT CRUEL
DESTINY IS THIS --
THAT A **JUST GOD**
SHOULD DIE AS
THE INFIDELS
ON OLYMPUS!

SERBIUS!
SOB! I WILL HOLD
YOU NOW, IN DEATH,
AS I LONGED TO IN
LIFE! WHY? OH WHY?!

HE
LIVES!
THEN THERE
IS STILL
HOPE!

GASP!
MY TEMPLE
IN RUINS!
MY ALTAR--

I MUST
TAKE MY
RIGHTFUL PLACE
UPON MY
ALTAR!

NO, SERBIUS
PLEASE! YOU
HAVE BEEN GRANTED A
SECOND CHANCE! COME
AND LIVE AS A MORTAL!
IF YOU ASCEND TO THE
TOP OF YOUR ALTAR
AGAIN, YOU
WILL DIE!

NO,
ELECTRA!
AS A GOD
I HAVE
LIVED--

AND AS
A GOD I
WILL DIE!



THE PLACE YOU ARE NOW IN REQUIRES A WORD OF EXPLANATION... INASMUCH AS MOST PLACES REQUIRE A WORD TO EXPLAIN WHAT THEY ARE AND WHY THEY ARE...

...THIS IS THE SANCTUM CLUB... THE OHIO LEAGUE OF MYTH-BUSTERS... CENTERED IN THE CITY CALLED CLEVELAND... THE DAY OF OUR STORY IS TODAY-- THE TIME IT STARTS IS TONIGHT... SOME HOURS AWAY YET...

...NOW MEET THE DEDICATED MEMBERS OF THIS CLANNISH SECRET SOCIETY... AS THEY NOW ENTER THE STATELY CLUB SHAKING

MS. JANET PUPP, SECRETARY OF THE CLUB, WIDOW... SHE JOINED THIS ORGANIZATION WITH THOUGHTS OF FINDING A NEW HUSBAND... BUT, AS SECRET SOCIETIES OFTEN DO TO PEOPLE, SHE'S BECOME INVOLVED IN SANCTUM'S MANY ACTIVITIES AND FORGOTTEN HER PURPOSE IN ORIGINALLY JOINING...

THE RAIN FROM THEIR DRIPPING COATS...
...WALTER FROMM, PRESIDENT, MAN OF PERSONAL WEALTH... HE FINANCIALLY SUPPORTS THE ACTIVITIES OF THE SANCTUM... WHICH PERHAPS EXPLAINS WHY HE IS ELECTED PRESIDENT EVERY YEAR...

MR. H. TOON,
MEMBER...

MISS ANGELA INGELS,
MEMBER...

MR. HORST FRANKE,
MEMBER

MR. PETER PARKER,
MEMBER... ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S FOREMOST EXPERTS ON INSECTS... INSECTS LIKE SPIDERS...

...GOOD MEMBERS ALL...

...THE PLAYERS IN THIS FANTASY HORROR-MOOD EMOTION-IMPLOSION WITH WHICH WE START OUR TALE ...

CORRIDORS OF CARICATURE

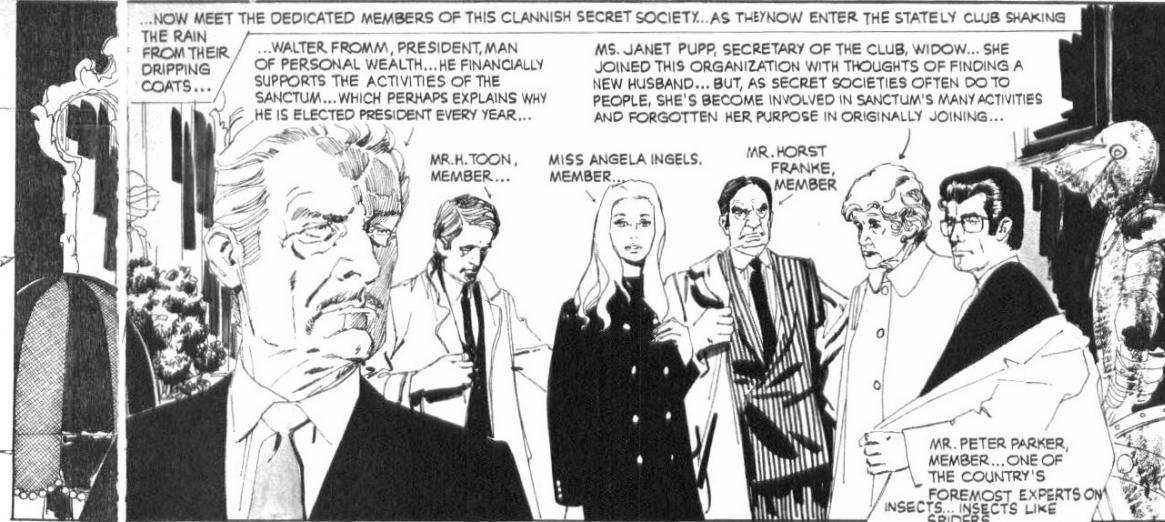
...OUR CASE TONIGHT IS SUGGESTED BY CERTAIN INQUIRIES MADE TO SANCTUM MEMBER MISS INGELS... MISS INGELS, AS YOU ALL KNOW, IS A TEACHER AT ONE OF CLEVELAND'S FINER PUBLIC SCHOOLS... AND A FELLOW ACADEMIC HAS MADE TO HER A COMPLAINT...

...THIS MISS BURNS HAS RECENTLY COME FROM THE SMALL TOWN OF 'W, SOME 70 MILES NORTH OF THIS CITY, WHERE SHE WORKED IN THE HIGH SCHOOL FOR SEVERAL MONTHS, DURING WHICH TIME SHE REPORTED A CERTAIN STRANGENESS ABOUT HER STUDENTS... ONE DAY SHE FOUND THEM KILLING RATS IN THE SCHOOLYARD AT LUNCHE TIME...

...MATTER'S FINALLY CAME TO THE WORST, AFTER A SERIES OF INCIDENTS EQUALLY AS MACABRE AS THE ONE JUST DESCRIBED... WHEN ONE DAY UPON ENTERING HER CLASSROOM SHE FOUND STUDENTS ATTACKING A NEWLY-ARRIVED STUDENT...

...ATTACKING THE LITTLE GIRL AS IF... AS IF THEY WERE VAMPIRES!"

...OF COURSE, MISS BURNS FLED THE SCENE, THE SCHOOL, AND INDEED THE TOWN... FEARING AUTHORITIES WOULD THINK HER MAD SHE TOLD NO ONE OF HER EXPERIENCES... NO ONE... EXCEPT OUR MISS INGELS...









...BUT FIRST... JOIN THE VICTORY TEAM FOR A **FEAST...** THE LOSING TEAM FROM 'D' IS BEING SERVED RIGHT NOW... WHEN THE SCHOOL BUS CARRIES THE TEAM BACK HOME TONIGHT IT'LL HAVE A FATAL ACCIDENT... UNFORTUNATE... THE WHOLE BUS WILL GO UP IN FLAMES...

MISS INGELS -- I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE A TEACHER -- I **DO** HOPE YOU'LL CONSIDER JOINING OUR STAFF HERE AT 'W' HIGH... WE HAVE TROUBLE FINDING PERSONS OF YOUR QUALIFICATION...

...THEN PERHAPS AFTER OUR MEAL WE'LL GO OVER TO THE DANCE AT CITY HALL... EVERYONE WILL BE THERE... THE WHOLE TOWN... KIDS TOO... WE'VE INVITED A EUROPEAN DANCE TRoup TO PERFORM FOR US... AND PERFORM THEY **WILL...** FIFTEEN LIVELY YOUNG GIRLS... SHOULD PROVIDE US WITH A **DELIGHTFUL** EVENING...



...THE SANCTUM CLUB IS NO MORE... NOW THEY HAVE MOVED TO BECOME PROUD PAID-IN-FULL MEMBERS OF THE 'W' CHAMBER OF COMMERCE...

...AND MISS INGELS IS ENJOYING HER NEW POSITION TEACHING READIN' N' RITHMETIC IN THE HALLOWED CORRIDORS OF 'W' HIGH... WHERE THE CHARACTER OF OUR OFT-PARODIED EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM IS CARICATURED... AT ITS BEST...

FINIS

THE STORY BEHIND THE MYTH OF

MAN-BAT

YOU MAY HAVE HEARD THE **UGLY TRUTH**
ABOUT SOUTH AMERICAN **VAMPIRE BATS**--
HOW THESE **CORRUPT** BIRDS ATTACK THEIR VICTIMS
BY **NIGHT**--SUCKING...DRAWING **BLOOD** TILL THERE
IS LEFT ONLY A GUTTED, EMPTY **SKELETON**...

DID YOU ALSO HEAR ABOUT THE **LEGEND**?... THE LEGEND
THAT KEEPS THE BRAVE MEN AND WOMEN OF ARGENTINA BEHIND
LOCKED DOORS WHEN NIGHT FALLS... **THE LEGEND**
OF MAN-BAT?



WHEN NIGHT FALLS--A BLACK THING CREEPS...
CRAWLS FROM HIS HOLE IN SOME DISEASED CORNER--
IT TAKES TO THE AIR-MATTED, ANCIENT WINGS SUCK AND
TWIST THE AIR ABOUT AS THE WINGS PROPEL THE
BLACK THING IN ITS SEARCH FOR PREY... **HUMAN PREY!**
IT IS 'MENSCH-FLEDERMAUS'... WHAT THEY CALL... **MAN-BAT!**
IT ATTACKS... GORGES ITS VICTIM'S RAW **FLESH**--RIPPING...
SPITTING... IT DEVOURS ITS PREY **WHOLE**--LEAVING ONLY
PATHETIC **BONES** IN PLACE OF A LIVING, BREATHING **MAN**!
MAN-BAT IS NO **MAN**... NO **BAT**... IT IS A
HIDIOUS CONCOCTION OF... **SATAN**!

PABLO
MARCOS
AND
HEWETS

...not only is there a **wetness in the PIT**...there's also
a FETID **dampness** about these **letters-editorial PAGES...**

...tears of CONVULSION is why these pages are WET...

...where else on earth would your brain get soggy, wet, watery and generally DAMP than in an issue with a cover story called **THE WETNESS IN THE PIT?**...eh?...

...SECRET:...want to be let in on a weird bit of information?...the guy in the cover story called 'homicidal' is actually **HOMICIDAL HERSCHEL WALDMAN**, personable and macabre co-publisher of the crippled couplet **NIGHTMARE** and **PSYCHO**...the cover art and **PARANOIC PABLO**'s story-art are actually caricatures of this fine gentleman...we decided to do this just because he's a great guy and an easy-going co-worker and colleague...but namely because he's paying our salaries **HOO HAH** and we wanna keep on his **GOOD SIDE**...

...and while we're on the macabre matter of *personalities*...**ARCHAIC AL** recently celebrated a *birthday*...not that this MEANS much...but it brings to mind the fact that he's probably the **YOUNGEST** editor-writer in management today, we guess...which is why some jerk thought he was being funny when he thought up the nickname '**ARCHAIC**'...a candid pic of Al is somewhere here-about...



...Al is posing in his new jacket which was a gift on his birthday...next year we hope somebody gives him a pair of **TROUSERS**...

...Our **NIGHTMARE WORLD** feature appears to be becoming popular...and we thank **JOHN HLYWA** of Youngstown Ohio, who writes: **TOO MANY FROGS LEGS**...and we quote: ... "I hadn't been asleep very long when I was suddenly awakened by Jim who said that he craved more frogs legs, and he suggested that we catch some more! Reluctantly I agreed, and soon we were deep in the marshy backwaters of the mountain lakes that the big frogs so dearly loved. We proceeded to move in the murky water along the rocky ledges where the big frogs often hid, when I stopped to adjust the catch on my chest waders. I could hear Jim faintly say something about seeing a large frog, when there was a loud *splash* and a muffled *scream*...I spun around...only to see Jim being devoured head-first by a large creature that greatly resembled a **FROG**. The only exception in this creature was that it had long powerful sharp-clawed **ARMS** and **FEET**, and a great tooth-filled **MOUTH**...which by now had almost entirely EN-GULFED Jim's **BODY**...but the most horrifying aspect of the creature was its round luminous **BELLY**...for not only was its belly LUMINOUS, but it was TRANSPARENT as well, and already I could see Jim's body being digested by the creature's strong stomach acids...his **FACE**...a mask of **STARK HORROR**..."

...and from **JOSEPH UPCHWICH** of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania who tells us of '**THE SLIPPERY HALLWAY**'... "...with that he pushed a button and SNAKES came out of the classroom...HUNDREDS of them...my friends managed to get out of the school in time, but

"...I'm writing to tell you what a really fine feature **THE NIGHTMARE WORLD** is, and how much I'm looking forward to future reader-samplings of the world of the 'macabre'. Actually I've enclosed my own **NIGHTMARE WORLD**...a **TRUE** nightmare...that I experienced last summer near my home...hope you can use it...I think it's the **WEIRDEST** thing that's ever happened to me! Keep 'on truckin'..."

MIKE BLACK
WARWICK, RHODE ISLAND

It probably IS one of the weirdest dreams that we've come across yet Mike...and we're using it in this very issue in **THE NIGHTMARE WORLD** #4...so congratulations are due...



...reader **MIKE BLACK** of Warwick, Rhode Island, whose **NIGHTMARE WORLD** is featured this issue as the story: **THE BEASTS OF TOMB BEACH**, illustrated by **WEIRD WAYNE HOWARD**...

...all readers are invited to participate in this popular feature...send your experiences or nightmares to **THE NIGHTMARE WORLD**, c/o the archaic editors, **SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION**, 18 East 41st Street New York City N.Y. 10017...

the hallway was **SLIPPERY**! The snakes bit me again and again, and my principal laughed again and again..."

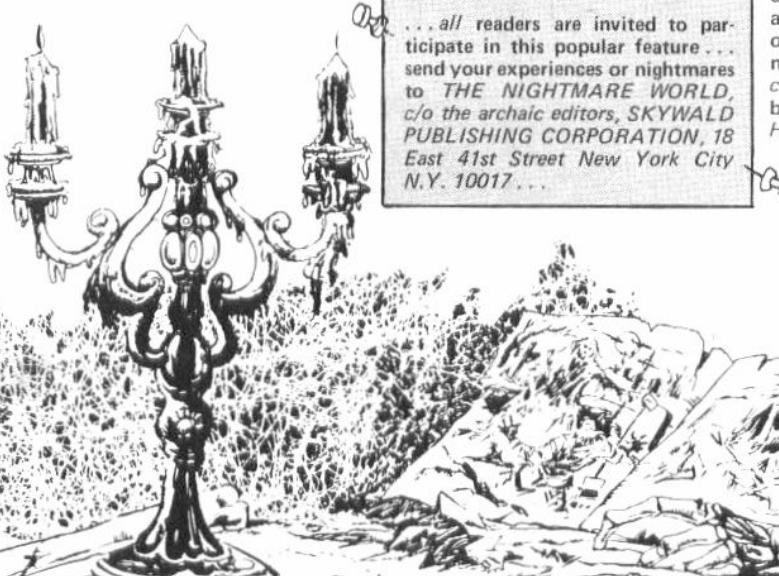
...and also, from **CHRIS SCARCELLI** of Garden City, Michigan

"...I walked silently along the cold, dark street. The wind moved swiftly through the trees. As it travelled, it made a queer moaning sound that almost sounded human. I could see clouds making their way through the night, and the full round moon that glowed brightly in space. The sky looked black with only the stars to light it. The sighing of a dog could be heard in the distance. I could feel a sharp stabbing pain in my back with each cry. All signs of electricity instantly shut off with the final cry of the dog. It was a scream of terror that echoed my mind. I walked silently in complete darkness. I could feel someone following me, watching me. I became frightened and RAN...I could hear his heavy breathing chasing me. Faster and faster. Until finally, he grabbed hold of my arm. He stabbed my back several times with a silver dagger...and then...THEN..."

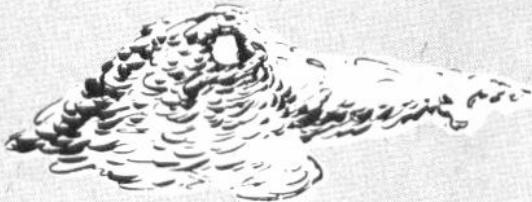
...and we received an interesting letter from **BOBBY BRIDGES** of Cincinnati Ohio who suggests:... "...you are weirdness and horror combined..."

...from **David Olson** of Windsor Canada...I've seen other weird books Before but yours are the **weirdest of them ALL**..."

...and we'll close with a note from **Jack Monninger** of Indianapolis, Indiana who says...**NIGHTMARE** and **PSYCHO** have rapidly climbed the ladder of success! Never have I seen a company so loyal to their readers as **SKYWALD**! Truth! An example is the great selection of artists and writers. Those are some of the tops in the field. Not to mention those covers...oh those covers!...they are **fabulous**! The best inside work was the story **HORROR HAS 1000 FACES** in



... this . . .
is DYING DOUG MOENCH . . .

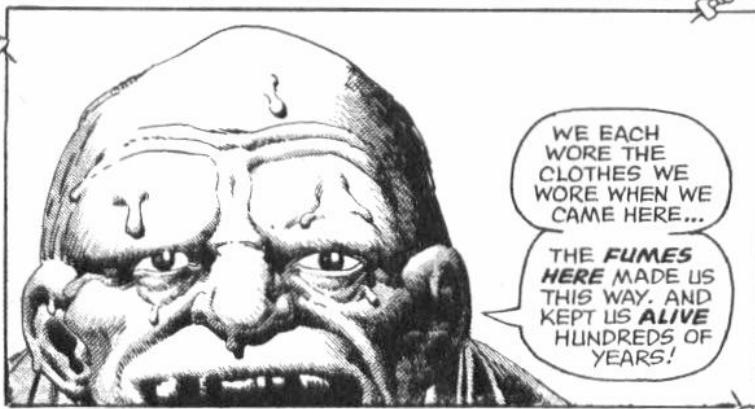


... Moench (pronounced MUNCH, sometimes MENCH, but more often MOOEENNSCHH) is a scripter for such upcoming great horror-mood works as: *THE NIGHT OF THE CORPSE BRIDE, HIT AND RUN-MISS AND DIE, THE DEATH OF THE 80TH VICTIM*, and *HUNGER OF THE SLAUGHTER-SLUDGE*

BEASTS . . . *Dying Doug* is a paid-in-full member of the highly-celebrated MOOD-TEAM, and you can BET on seeing his work appear in these pages forever and ever (competitors take note) . . .
... and thanks to the WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY in the newsroom of the CHICAGO



SUN-TIMES where Doug works . . . recently when Archaic Al visited the weird writer he pointed out that Al was constantly mis-spelling one of their mutually favorite words . . . CRETON . . . err . . . CRETIN . . . ahh?? . . . How do you spell it again Doug?? . . .



PSYCHO 7 . . . and THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN from PSYCHO 9 . . . just about the best in NIGHTMARE was THE SKULL FOREST OF OLD EARTH! Domingo is one of the most exciting artists to come along

and grace the pages of SKYWALD in some time . . . (and DEAD DOMINGO will be featured again soon Jack) . . . thanks for the enjoyable reading! May SKYWALD live on . . . !

... maybe soon it'll be YOUR nightmare we'll be telling . . . depending on how archaic you are . . .

... while on the matter of strange people who live in Chicago . . .

... famous underground creator-editor-publisher-artist-writer JUVENILE-DELINQUENT JAY LYNCH (and attractive wife-woman fibber artist-writer-in-her-own-right, JAUNDICED JANE) are expressing interest in our horror titles . . . but Jay is convinced all pages should have exactly 6 panels, each of which should be exactly square . . . that's the last time we'll listen to the advice of a guy who watches LITTLE LULU VS. THE SWAMP CREATURE horror movies with HUGH HEFNER!!! . . .

... if you're over 21 (or a reasonable facsimile) and want to grab yourself a look at the funniest man vs. cat cartoon ever created (NARD N' PAT) then write to: JUVENILE-DELINQUENT JAY LYNCH, BIJOU PUBLISHING EMPIRE Post Office Box 3506, Merchandise Mart Station, Chicago, Illinois 60654 and enclose 65¢ which will also cover postage and handling.

... OKAY LYNCH . . . NOW WE WANNA FREE PLUG IN BIJOU FUNNIES . . . !!

... ARCHAIC AL is meanwhile finishing off several horror master-scripts: SCREENPLAY-THE FETID BELLE OF THE MISSISSIPPI . . . THE THING IN THE BOX . . . I, SLIME . . . THE SKELETON IN THE DESERT . . . THE HORRORS OF SALEM . . . THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT ARE DEAD . . . and DIE, LITTLE SPIDER . . . weird ones all . . .

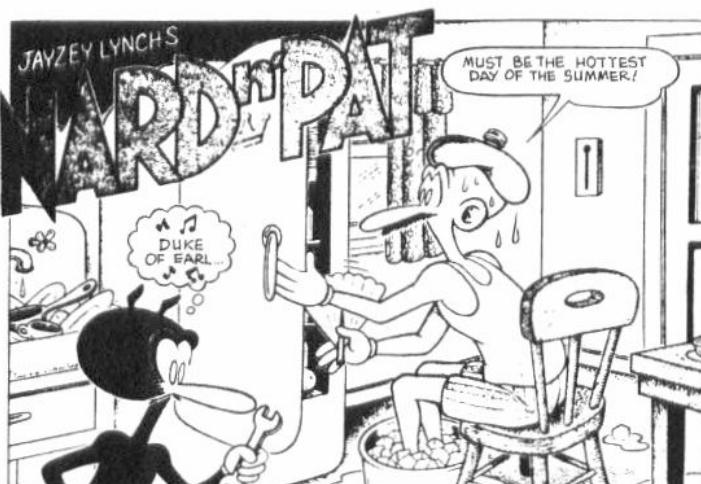
EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED FEDORY has now completed: ROAST THEIR EVIL BONES . . . THE LAST WITCH . . . MAKE MEPHISTO'S CHILD BURN and THE MAN WHO DARE NOT SLEEP . . . which are all wrought to take your weird little primal spinal and package it and send it tripping off to the fetid banks of the HUDSON RIVER where the writer lives and writes . . . a tip of the HAT to Mr. FEDORY . . .

... rest in peace . . . and . . . enjoy . . . enjoy . . . this WEIRD WET ISSUE . . .

... PHASE 2 is coming up . . .

IN **PSYCHO**
NUMBER ELEVEN . . .

... MISS IT NOT . . .



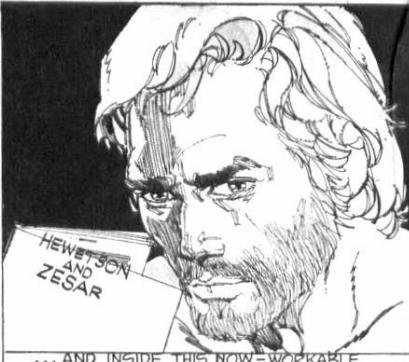
HIS MAN HAS NO CONCEPTION OF TIME...FOR YEARS UNCOUNTED HE HAS BEEN STRANDED ON A DISTANT FAR-OFF WORLD AWAY FROM THIS EARTH...FIRST, ATTEMPTING TO REPAIR HIS OWN SPACE CRAFT...THEN, FINDING THIS OTHER ONE--DESERTED--UNEXPLAINED, NEAR BURIED IN A HORRID CAVERNOUS TRENCH...



...THE BOOK IS THE ATROCIOSUS *NECRONOMICON*... WHICH NOW FALLS TO THE FLOOR AS THE SHIP CRASHES INTO EARTH'S ASTONISHING *PULL* AND BEGINS TO MADLY *ROCK*...

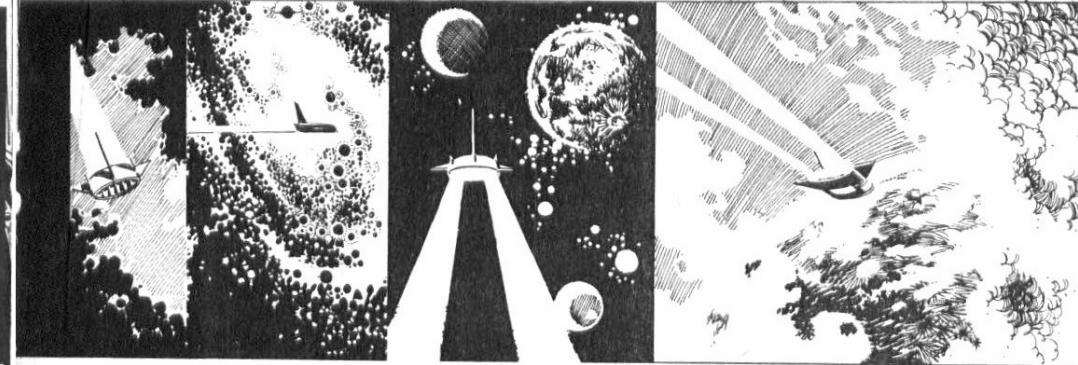


...THE CRAFT IS SLOWED...AND LV. CRAWFORD MAKES HIS FIRST ATTEMPT IN *YEARS* AT RADIO CONTACT...
...NOTHING...
...CAN'T SEEM TO GET ANYBODY OR ANY THING... NOT EVEN STATIC... I'M RIGHT OVER NEW YORK CITY... I'LL GLIDE HER IN *LOW* AND SEE IF OL' BROADWAY HAS CHANGED AT ALL...



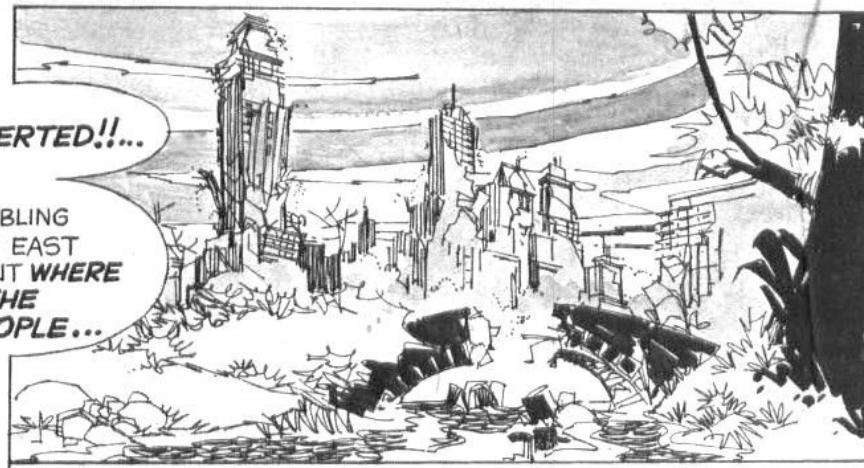
... AND INSIDE THIS NOW-WORKABLE CRAFT A LUNATIC *BOOK*, ARCHAIC, UNNAMEABLE IN ITS UNSPEAKABLE IMPLICATIONS... CHRONICLES THE WRITINGS OF THE MAD ARAB ABDUL ALHAZRED WHO DESCRIBES IN OBSCENE DETAIL CERTAIN MACABRE EVENTS THAT TOOK PLACE BEFORE HOME-EARTH WAS POPULATED BY *HUMAN BEINGS*...

... THE CRAFT LURCHES HOMeward...THROUGH THE STARS...THE MYRIAD UNPEOPLED WORLDS... AND INSIDE MANDRIAN CRAWFORD READS OF AWFUL, BRAINLESS BEINGS WHO YET LURK WITHIN THIS EARTH'S *CORE*... WAITING FOR A DAY WHEN ATMOSPHERICS WILL PERMIT THEIR TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE SURFACE TO RULE AS OUR *MASTER*...

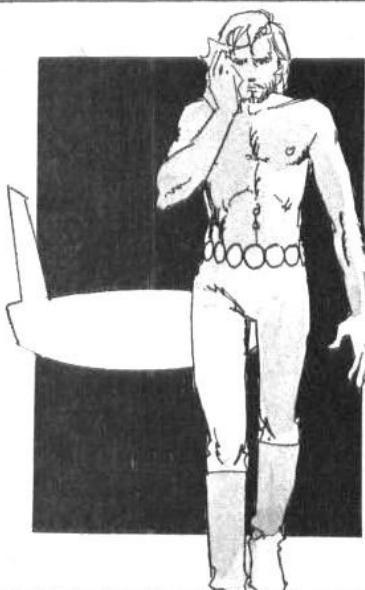


MANDRIAN CRAWFORD IS GREETED BY AN ABSURD SIGHT ON HIS RETURN TO CITY--MANHATTAN... THE CITY CRUMBLING AND HORRIBLY SINKING INTO THE ATLANTIC...THE STATUE OF LIBERTY TOPPLING AND SHATTERING...THE WATERS OF THE HARBOUR CHURNING AND HEAVING ABOUT... AWKWARD--AWFUL SIGHTS...BUT WHERE ARE THE *PEOPLE*? WHERE ARE THE FLEEING *MILLIONS* WHO OWN THIS CITY?...





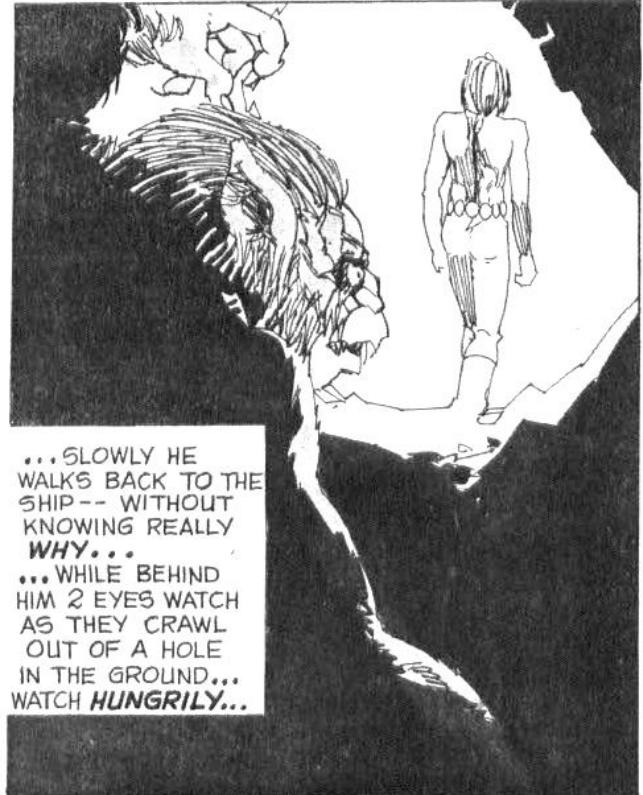
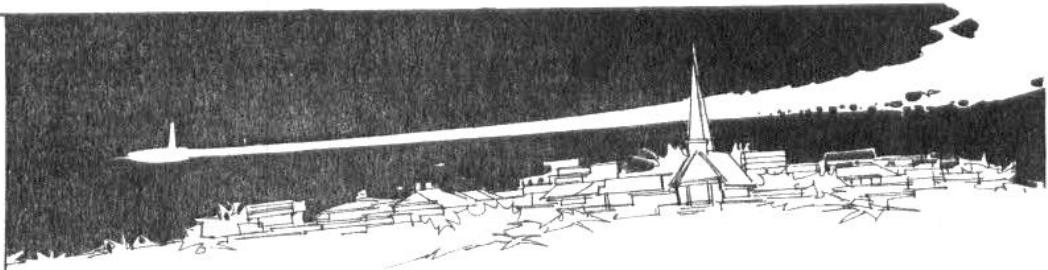
...THIS IS **MACABRE**... THE WORLD'S **MIGHTIEST CITY** LITERALLY COLLAPSING ON ITS FOUNDATIONS... THE ONLY **WITNESS** TO ITS **DEMISE** A LONELY SPACE TRAVELLER WHO SHUNTS ABOUT HIS ONCE-FAMILIAR HAUNTS IN SEARCH OF **LIFE**... **GRAND CENTRAL STATION**... **THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**... **CENTRAL PARK**... WHILE THE EARTH HEAVES AND PULSES AND HORRIBLY **TWISTS** TO EXPOSE THE DESERTED UNDERGROUND SUBWAY NETWORK WHO'S SNARLING TRACKS REACH OUT TO THE SKY...

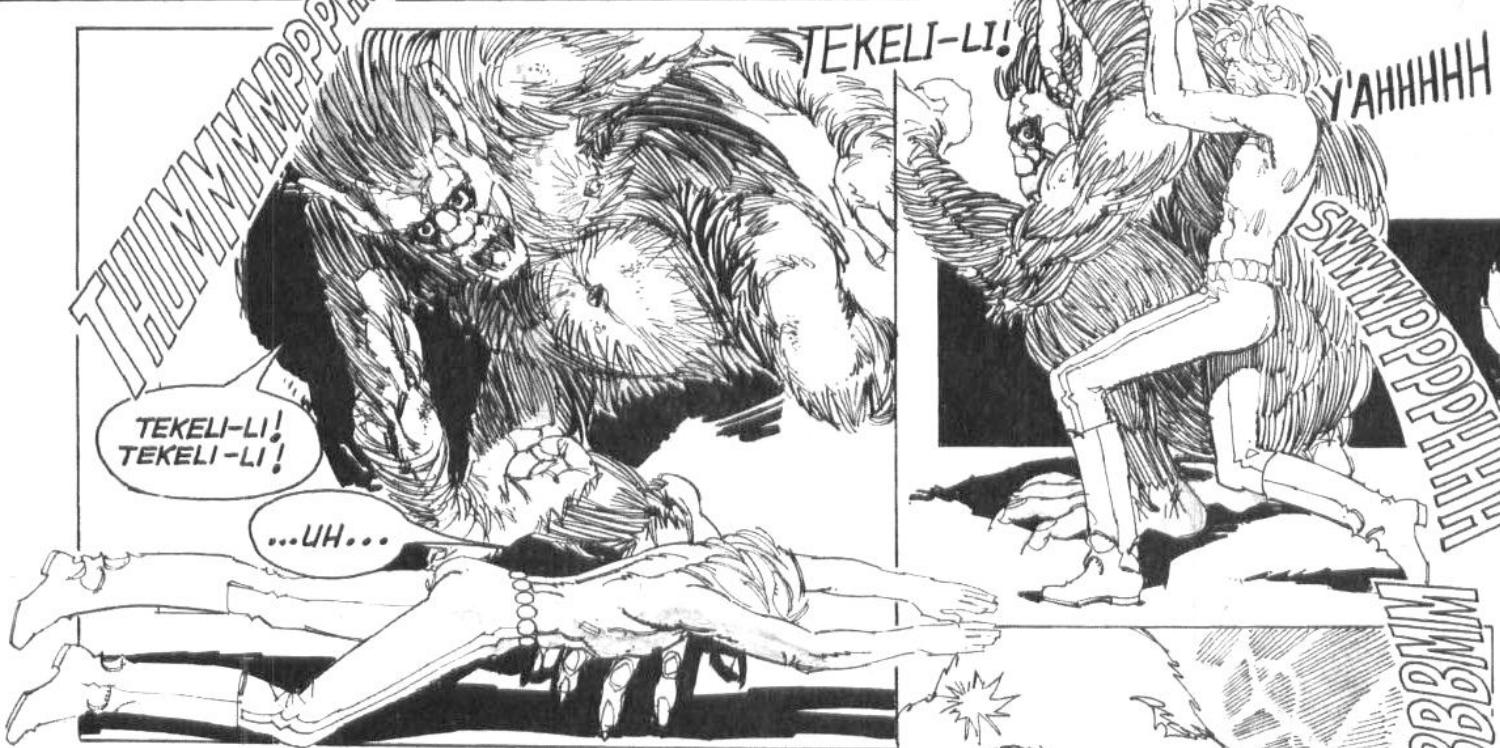


MANDRIAN CRAWFORD
FINDS NO-ONE... HE
CANNOT REMAIN HERE
ANY LONGER... THE AIR
SMELLS FILTHY... THE
GIANT CITY BELOW HIM
BEGINS TO **SINK** AND
TEARS COME TO HIS
EYES... HE CANNOT
REMAIN HERE ANY
LONGER...



ARKHAM... A HAMLET...
HIS PLACE OF BIRTH...
WHERE DEAR FRIENDS AND
FAMILY LIVED... NOW IT IS
BARREN... ITS STREETS
EMPTY... ALTHOUGH IT
HAS ESCAPED THE
DESTRUCTION THAT RUINED
NEW YORK... HE STILL
SEES **NO FACES**...

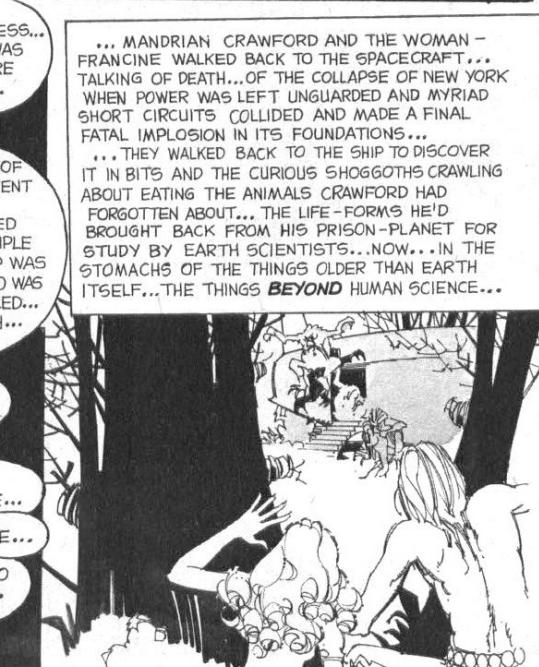




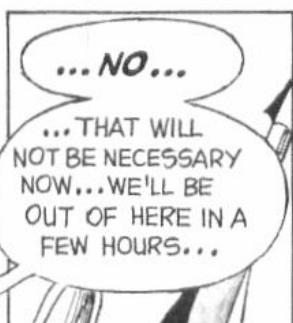


...MANDRIAN CRAWFORD COLLAPSED INTO A HEAP...
FROM EXHAUSTION -- FROM FRIGHT... FROM RELIEF...
THE SCREAM THAT CAME IN THROUGH THE OPEN
DOOR WAS HARDLY HEARD...

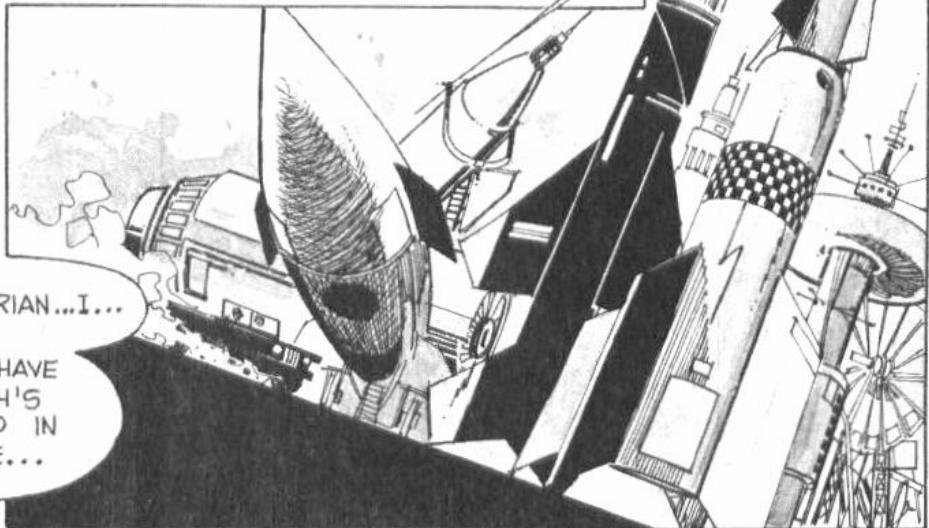




THERE IS A PLACE NEARBY WHERE THEY USED TO KEEP OLD JUNKED MOONSHIPS-- IF WE CAN MAKE IT THERE I MAY BE ABLE TO SALVAGE ONE OF THEM...GET US OFF THIS PLANET TO ONE OF THE COLONIES...



MANDRIAN...I...
...I HAVE JOSEPH'S CHILD IN ME...



...IN PAIN FOR SHE IS ABOUT TO GIVE BIRTH TO HER FIRST CHILD...



...OH MY GOD
MANDRIAN...

...MY GOD...



...STEADY BREATHS
FRANCINE...I WILL
HELP YOU...

MANDRIAN

...I
HAVE IT
FRANCINE...



...OH LORD...

...I HAVE IT...

EEEEAAAAGDOOOOGODNOOOONO!

THE SOUL SHRIEKING CRY WAS AWFUL--ALL OF SPACE HEARD IT--THROUGH THE VACUUM--THROUGH THE VOIDS OF MANY WORLDS--ALL OF SPACE HEARD THE MOTHER SCREAM AT THE SIGHT OF THE DISGUSTING THING THAT WAS HER CHILD !

...IT CAN BE
REPAIRED WITH A FEW
PARTS FROM THE
OTHER SHIPS!

GOOD MANDRIAN--
PLEASE HURRY--I
HAVE **PAINS**...

...PAINS?...

IT WON'T BE
LONG NOW...

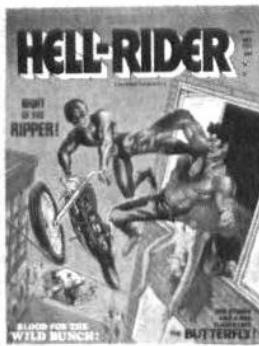
...NOT LONG LATER THAT DAY AN OLD
SPACECRAFT SHUTTLED UP FROM A SHIP'S
GRAVEYARD IN LOWER NEW ENGLAND, PLANET
EARTH, AIMING FOR THE STARS... INSIDE
MANDRIAN CRAWFORD SHIFTS TO AUTOMATIC
PILOT AND BENDS OVER A PREGNANT WOMAN
IN PAIN...

... ALL OF SPACE WEPT WITH
HER AS MANDRIAN CRAWFORD
SHOVED THE SHOGGOTH INFANT
INTO THE AIR LOCK AND
JETTISONED IT OUT INTO THE
NOTHINGNESS OF THE STARS
TO DIE...

...SOMEWHERE IT STILL
WANDERS ABOUT... THIS DEAD
FETID FETUS... FLOATS
ABOUT CRASHING INTO
METEORITES AND SPACE
STORMS... SOMEDAY IT WILL
DISSOLVE AWAY WHEN IT HAS
BEEN BEATEN ENOUGH... IT
WILL CEASE TO EXIST...
...ALTHOUGH WHY IT EXISTED
IN THE FIRST PLACE NO MAN
KNOWS...
...OR REALLY WANTS TO...
-finis-



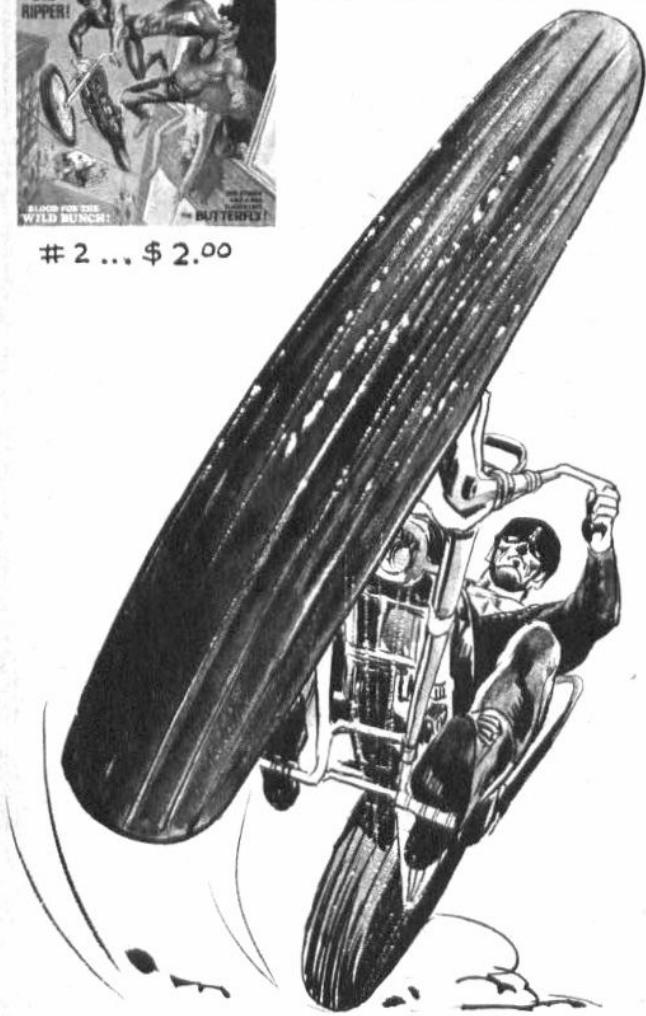
#1 ... \$ 2.00



#2 ... \$ 2.00

HELL-RIDER

HAVE YOU MET THE HELL-RIDER? ... HAVE YOU SMASHED INTO HELL ON THE HORROR-BIKE? ... GRAB ONTO THESE 2 AND ONLY 2 ISSUES OF THE ORIGINAL BIKE-RIDING SUPERHERO BY GROTESQUE GARY FRIEDRICH... WHO TEAMED UP WITH THE BASHFUL WILD-BUNCH AND THE BEAUTIFUL LITHE-LIMBED BLACK BUTTERFLY TO CAPTURE YOUR BRAIN PEBBLES AND SHAKE THEM OUT OF EXISTENCE...



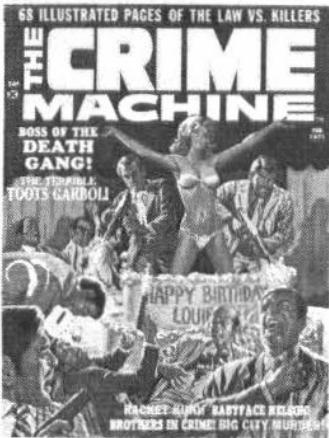
ARCHAIC CASH ENCLOSED...\$.....

for CRIME-MACHINE #1 #2

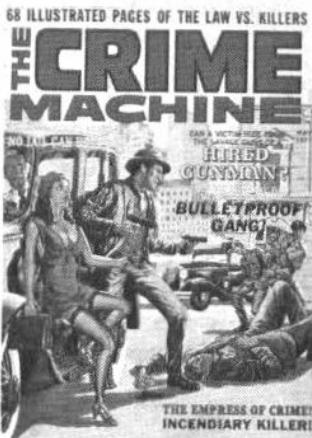
for HELL-RIDER #1 #2

for PSYCHO #2 #3 #4 #8 ANNUAL #9 #10

NIGHTMARE #1 #2 #3 #8 #9 ANNUAL #10 #11



#1 ... \$ 2.00



#2 ... \$ 2.00

THE CRIME MACHINE

THE MAGAZINE OF GANGSTERS, DOLLS AND ATROCIOUS, UNBELIEVABLE EVIL... FOR THESE WEIRD 2 FAT-ONES ARE ABOUT THE AWFUL DAYS WHEN AL CAPONE, DUTCH SCHULTZ, BABY FACE NELSON AND OTHER PUNKS WERE WARLORDS AND RULED THE STREETS... LEARN OF THEIR CRIMES, LIVES AND PRETENDED BRITTLE LOVES IN THE ONLY 2 ISSUES OF CRIME-MACHINE ... THE MAGAZINE THAT'LL CRIPPLE YOUR WEIRD LITTLE MACABRE BRAIN...



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

-SEND YOUR ARCHAIC COUPON TO: SKYWALD PUBLISHING-18 EAST 41 ST - NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017-

TITAN WEEP

...TO START OUR TALE...

I, FLAVIUS TITAN...
CALLED MASTER AND
DESPOT... LEADER, KING,
MOST CULTURED OF ALL
WHO ARE CULTURED,
MOST RESPECTED OF
THE RESPECTED...

...COMMANDER OF ALL THE
LEGIONS OF VESPA, MAN, FIRST
HUSBAND TO ALL WOMEN, RULER, GOD
OF THE GODS OF EARTH,
TRIUMPHANT FIRST AND LAST...

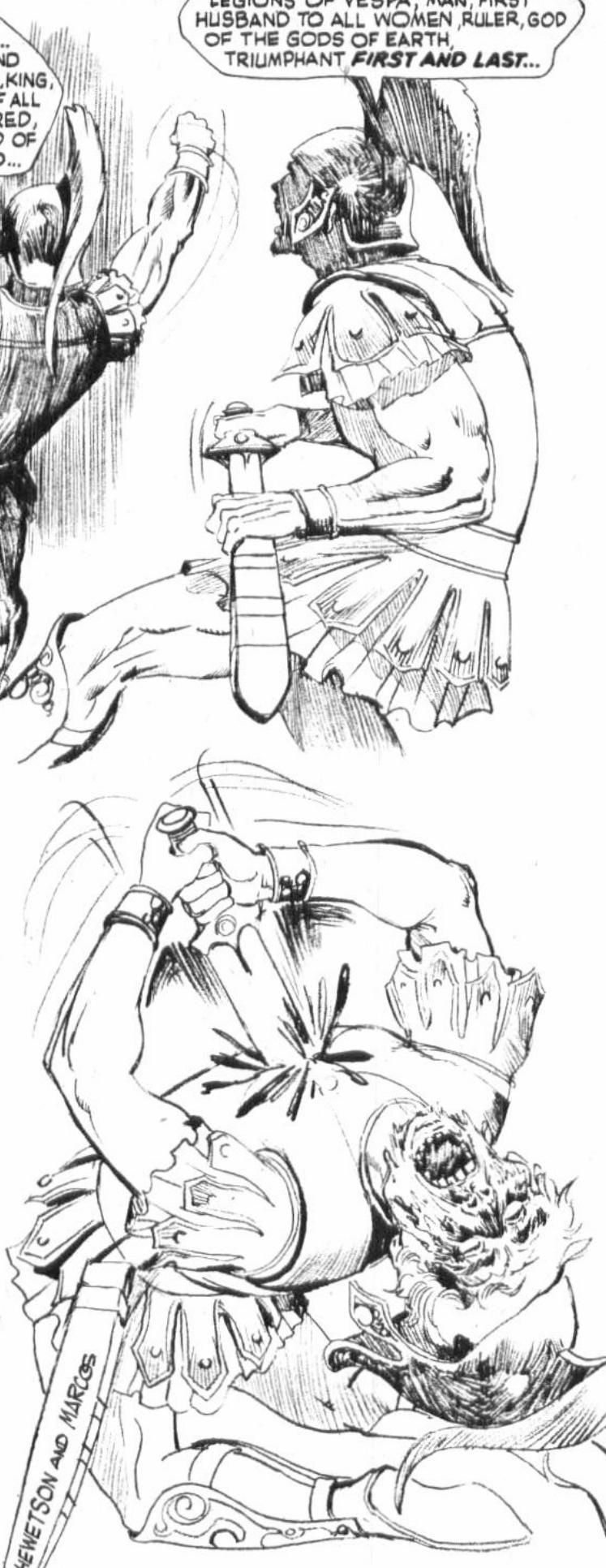
I, TITAN, AM ALL THIS AND
YET STILL SANE, YET HUMAN,
THE HUMBLEST OF ALL HUMBLE
MEN-- I, FLAVIUS, LIVE FOR LIFE
AND CHERISH MY PASTS EVEN AS
I RESPOND TO MY TOMORROWS...



OH SKULL OF SKULLS,
HORROR COMPOUND,
INCARNATE OTHER-GOD,
VEXED MARTYR OF EARTHEN
WRETCHEDNESS... I, TITAN,
WEEP FOR MYSELF NOW AND
EVER FOR I SUFFER THE MOST
HORRID, UNKIND CUT OF ALL...
I AM LEADER OF MEN... AND NOW
LEAD THEM INTO THIS GULLY
OF PLAGUE WHERE SURROUNDS
ONLY PROSTRATE DEATH AND
REPINE SOUL... I AM LEFT
WITHOUT ALTERNATIVE,
FOR WHETHER COMMONER
OR KING, I HAVE
SUFFERED ALL THAT
I WILL, AND SO, NOW
COMMIT MYSELF
TO DEATH...



HEWETSON AND MARCOS



WHEN SOME MEN DIE... OTHERS APPLAUD...

BRAVO EXIUS...
SUPERB...

MASTERFUL...
ENCORE EXIUS...
ENCORE...

FELLOW
CITIZENS...

FELLOW CITIZENS... EXIUS
RESUMES HIS PERFORMANCE OF
'FAUST VARIATIONS' AFTER
HE HAS CHANGED COSTUME AND
PREPARED HIMSELF FOR THE
SECOND ACT...
PATIENCE PLEASE...

...SPEND A FEW
MOMENTS IN
CONVERSATION
'TILL EXIUS MAKES
HIS RETURN AS
TITAN...

WASN'T THAT MAGNIFICENT
PETRONIUS... MAGNIFICENT...

...THE CHARACTERIZATION
OF TITAN MUST BE
COMMENDED FOR
ACCURACY...

IT WAS
MAGNIFICENT...

EXIUS HAS CAPTURED
THE VERY ESSENCE
OF THE COMMANDER...
DID YOU HEAR THE
FULL STORY
OF TITAN...?

THE FULL STORY?
NO!... WHAT?

APPARENTLY THIS
DRAMATIZATION IS ONLY
HALF THE STORY... A FEW
MONTHS AGO IN SICILY WHEN
TITAN LED HIS MEN INTO
THE PLAGUE NOT ALL
OF THEM PERISHED...

INTERESTING... BUT EVEN
MORE INTRIGUING IS THAT
MAN OVER THERE... YOU
SEE HIM?... I'VE BEEN
WATCHING HIM... KEEPS
HIS FACE HIDDEN
UNDER THAT SHROUD...
WHY IS THAT?

I'VE SEEN HIM TOO... HE CAN NOT
BE OF THIS COUNTRY... AFTER THE
PERFORMANCE HE DID NOT APPLAUD...
DID YOU NOT SEE HIM?

...ONE SOLDIER
LIVED TO RETURN...
IT IS SAID HE
CARRIES THE
DISEASE WITH
HIM...

THE MAN IS UNCULTURED...
BOORISH HOW DID HE
EVER GET INTO THE
AMPHITHEATER?

HE SHOULD
BE TAUGHT A
LESSON
I THINK...

ACT TWO...



... for the last few issues we've enjoyed a look at the current crop of GREAT ONES from the SCREAM SCREEN ...

... movies like: THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES

FROGS

DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE

... we thought for a change this issue we'd look leeringly into the PAST and renew some of the CLASSIC films which have excited our intellect and imaginations through the dark years ... films which slither through the ugly mud of the many-most NONSENSE things which seem to come pretty fast and furious from the horror-makers these days ...

... these are the CLASSICS which we recommend you see at ANY cost ...

... and so starts our once-in-a-rare-while feature . . .:

...NIGHTMARE MOVIE MACABRE REVIEWS...

The CLASSICS

by Alan Hewetson



...JOHN BARRYMORE portrays the mind-fiend Mr. Hyde in the exceptional PARAMOUNT adaptation of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON's DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE in 1920 . . .



... PETER CUSHING plays Arthur Grimsdyke, deceased, in CINERAMA's 1972 TALES FROM THE CRYPT ... we admit we're prejudiced ... the movie was based on Al Feldstein's E.C. COMICS of the 1950's ... and in our own opinion ... there is no better horror-comic-sCRYPTer than ABOMINABLE AL FELDSTEIN ...



... BETTE DAVIS in WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE? from WARNER BROTHERS in 1961 ... an incomparable performance ... a FANATICAL screenplay ...

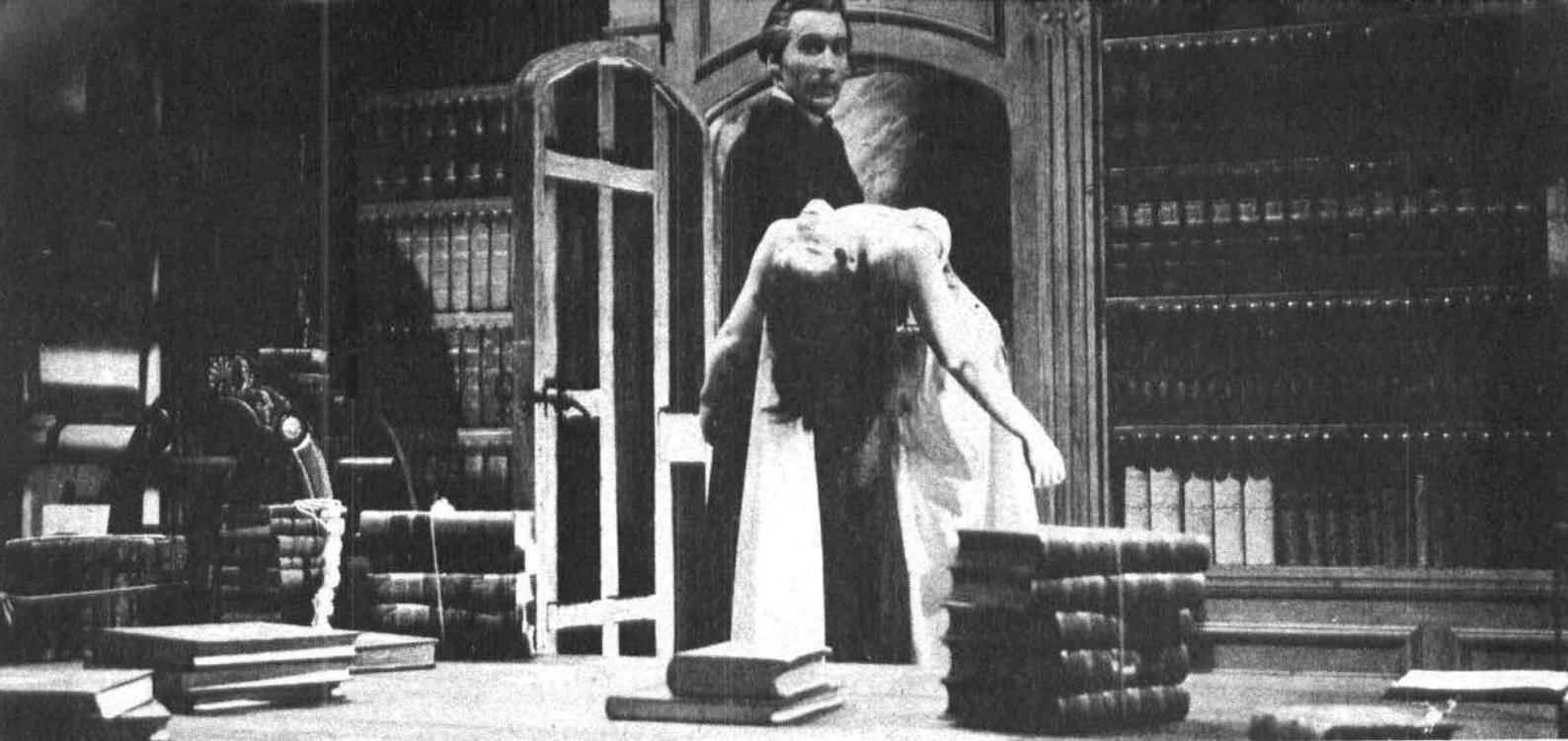


... LON CHANEY as THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA ... without Chaney's inclusion herein this photo feature would be POINTLESS ...



... CHARLES OGLE as the original 1910 FRANKENSTEIN made a terrifying and classic performance as the MARY SHELLEY creation ... but BORIS KARLOFF in 1931 so brutally caricatured the human-thing that FRANKENSTEIN and KARLOFF are interchangeable names in classic horror ...





... CHRISTOPHER LEE in HORROR OF DRACULA... with apologies to Dying Doug Moench who thought we were losing our editorial minds when we forgot to include this CLASSIC in our HAMMER HORRORS feature in PSYCHO #9...



... WERNER KRAUSS is Dr. Caligari and CONRAD VEIDT is the mad somnambulist in the expressionist DAS CABINET DES DR. CALIGARI (THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI)... a 1919 German made film of TRANSIT-FILM GESELLSCHAFT which is touted as being the finest horror film ever made...



... BELA LUGOSI played many performances in his long and varied career... yet... none are so remembered or identified with him as his portrayal as BRAM STOKER's powerful Transylvanian Count DRACULA... Lugosi is criticized... and he is praised... but no man can deny the obvious personal conviction which he accorded the character...

... MAX SCHRECK portrayed a vulture-like Count Orlock in *NOSFERATU* ... a 1922 German production of F. Murnau which is suggested to be the first screen portrayal of BRAM STOKER's *DRACULA* ... the film features brilliant camerawork by Fritz Wagner to introduce the audience to shock after absurd, horrific shock ...

... A CLASSIC ...



... in the future we'll continue with our regular HONEST review of the CURRENT greats from the world's film capitols ... like next issue we review *BLACULA* ... and in issues to follow: *THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*, *DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN*, *THE OTHER*, and *WILLARD* and *BEN*!

... and PREviews on: *THE EXORCIST* ...

... miss 'em not ...

... we recommend only what we like ...

SPACE IS SILENT... QUIET, BLACK AND EVER- STILL... THE HORROR OF QUIETED NOTHINGNESS IS THE QUIETED HORROR OF HELL; EVEN IN A PUDDLE OF YEARS HENCE WHEN EARTH HAS EXPLAINED CERTAIN MAD LEGENDS ABOUT SPACE AND HAS EXPLORED FAR REACHING PLACES WE ONLY LEARN OF IN MUSTY, ARCHAIC BOOKS!

... IN THIS OTHER-EARTH SOMETIME YET TO COME A SOUND IS HEARD... A TRANSMITTANCE FROM SOMEWHERE- ELSE... SOMEWHERE FURTHER OUT THAN THEY HAD DARED REACH... A SOUND THAT COMES AS A **PLEA** FOR ASSISTANCE...

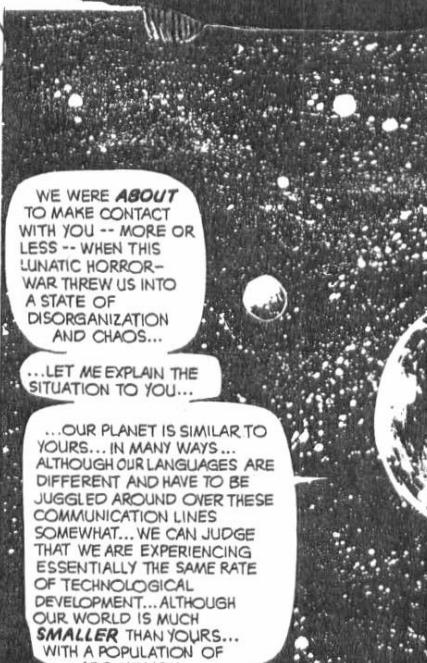
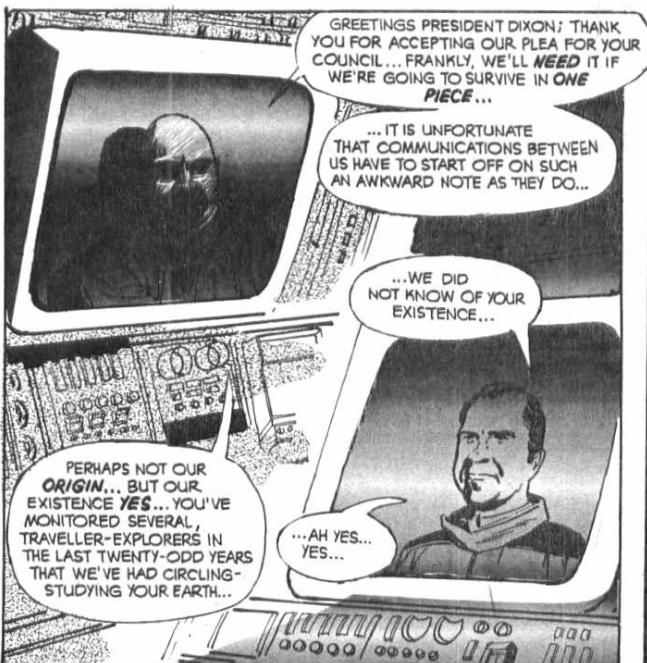
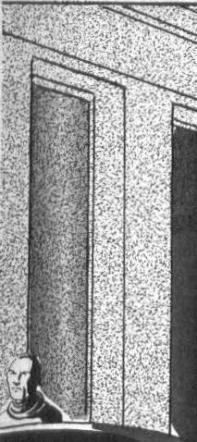
...A PLEA WITH WHICH WE START OUR TALE...

THE HORROR WAR



PLACE EARTH... TRA 3 WHHRAKKA-ION...: OUR EARTH IS RAVAGED BY WAR...WE NEED YOUR DIPLOMATIC COUNCIL...OUR GOVERNMENT SYSTEM IS THREATENED BY OUR REVOLUTION- BENT CHILDREN AND THEIR WEAPONS- BEASTS...REPEAT: WE NEED YOUR GUIDANCE ON OUR POLITICAL SITUATION... OUR STUDIES OF YOUR PLANET REVEAL YOUR EXPERIENCE WITH WAR-SITUATIONS ARE NUMEROUS IN VARIATION...YOU ARE IN A POLITICAL ENVIRONMENT SUITED TO AID US... **WE BEG YOU...**

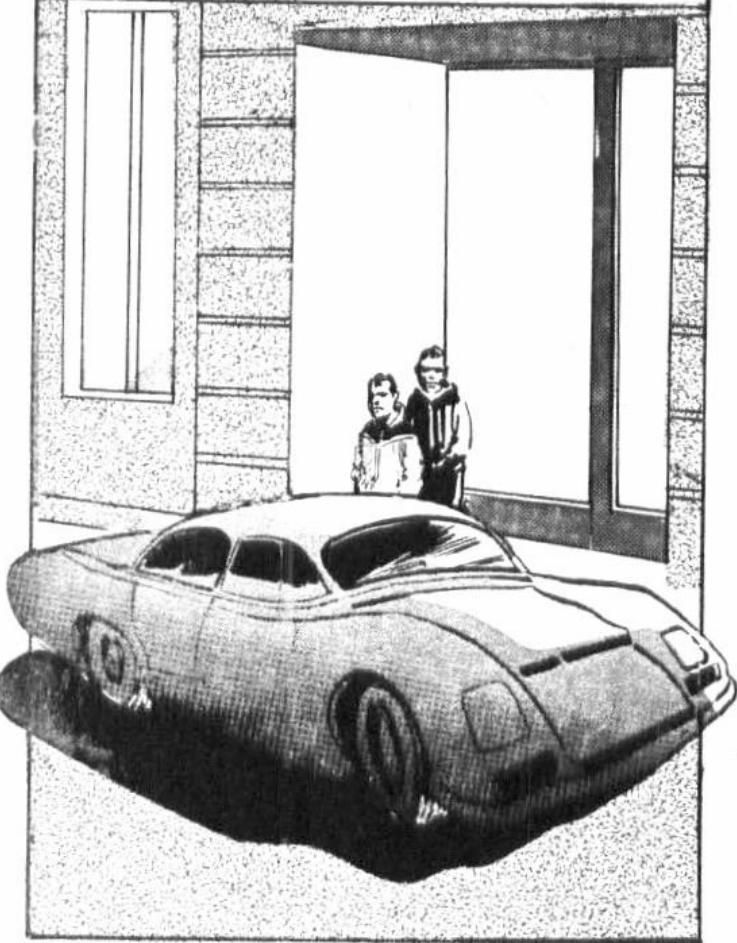
AT 3:15 A.M., THURSDAY THE 4TH OF SOME MONTH IN 2018, THE PRESIDENT OF THIS PLANET RUSHES THROUGH THE HEAVY IRON GATES OF A COMMUNICATIONS CENTER IN OTTAWA ILLINOIS... HIS NERVES, CAUGHT OFF-EDGE AT THIS LATE-EARLY HOUR, BITTERLY REVOLT AS THE BIG BLACK CAR PULLS UP...



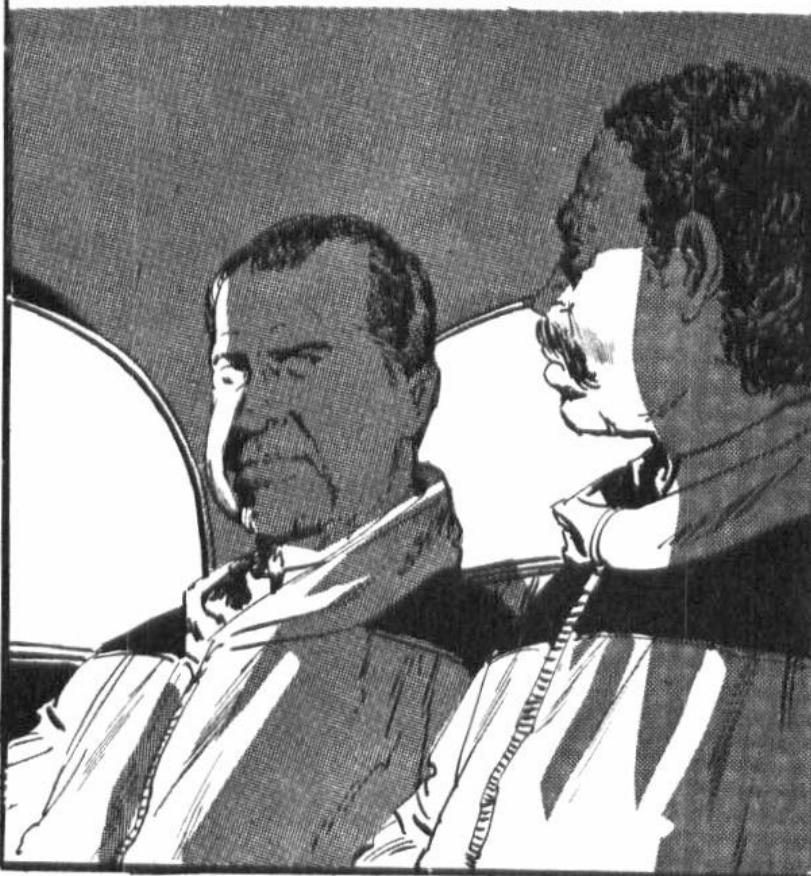




PRESIDENT EDWARD DIXON WALKS FROM THE COMMUNICATIONS CENTER OUT INTO THE STARTLING MORNING SUNLIGHT... IT HAS BEEN A **LONG** NIGHT...



HE SLUMPS INTO THE BIG BLACK CAR AND SHUFFLES AND SQUIRMS IN THE BACK SEAT AS MUNCH SLIPS IN BESIDE HIM...



...AND AS THE CAR SLOWLY WEAVES ITS WAY TO THE AIRPORT THROUGH THE DECAYING MUCK AND GARBAGE OF A NEARLY DESTROYED WORLD... THE TWO MEN TALK...

WELL SIR...
CONGRATULATIONS...
LOOKS LIKE YOU
WON **THIS** CHILD-
WAR TOO...

...SPEAKING OF
CHILDREN SIR... WHEN
CAN WE... I MEAN...
WHEN WILL IT BE
POSSIBLE TO LET **OUR**
CHILDREN OUT OF
CONFINEMENT? I MEAN...
OUR OWN HORROR-WAR
WAS MANY YEARS
AGO...

...WHEN THEY'RE
DEAD MUNCH... WHEN
THEY'RE **DEAD**...



OTTAWA ILLINOIS, A SMALL TOWN INSIGNIFICANT UNTIL THIS DAY, YET LIKE EVERY OTHER CARNAGED PLACE ON THIS HORROR-GRAY EARTH, WAKES UP... JUST AS THE DUST IS SETTLING...

I... AM THE **HEAP...**

UNFORTUNATELY

... I AM A TORTURED
INHUMAN MASS OF AWFUL
PARANOIC EMOTION...

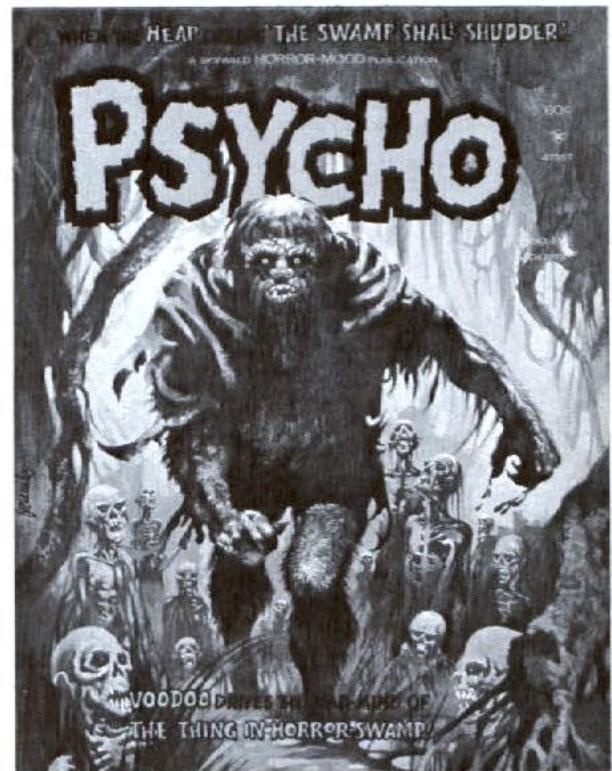
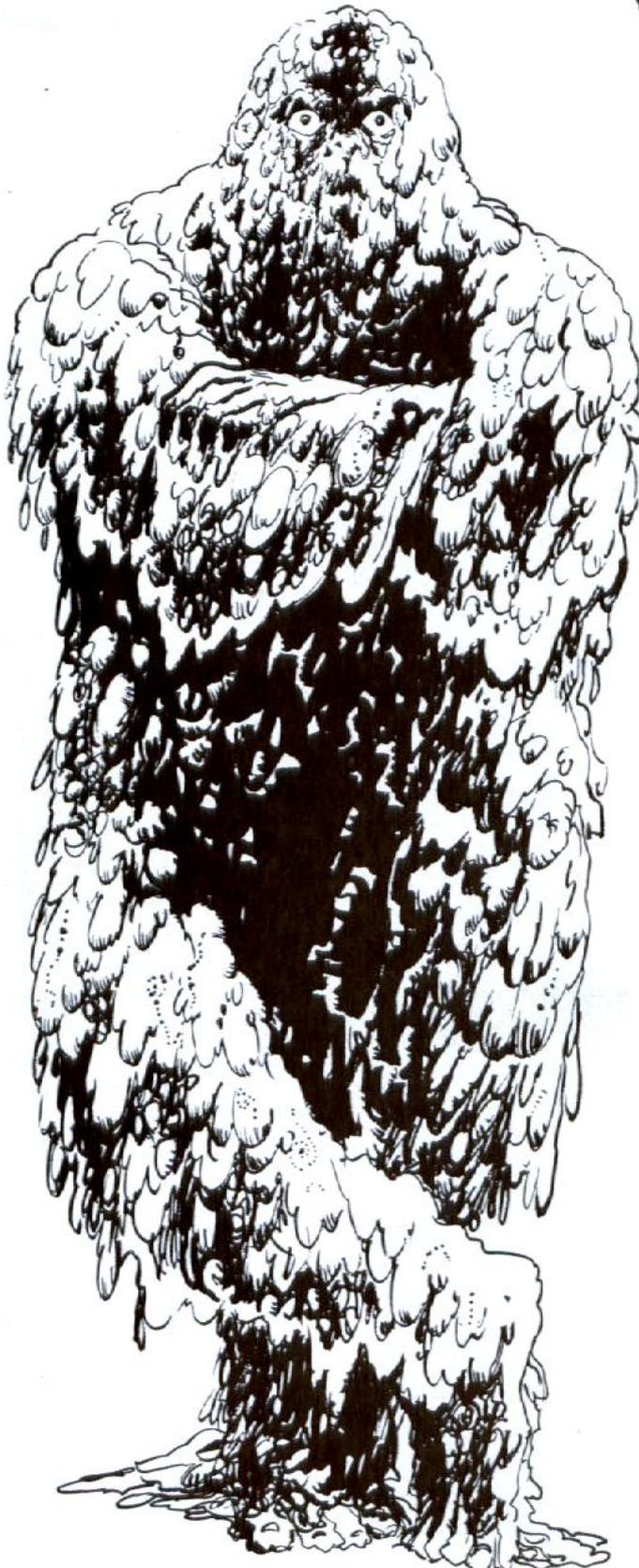
... I AM SUBJECTED TO
BRUTAL AND SENSELESS
ATTACKS BY MACABRE FIENDS...
CONFRONTED BY EVIL FANATICS...
AND POINTLESSLY THROWN
INTO UGLY FETID
SITUATIONS THAT **DRAG**
MY **SANITY** AWAY FROM ME...

... AND THAT IS **WHY**,
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
PSYCHO, (# 11), I CHANGE...

... MY PHYSICAL APPEARANCE
BECOMES AS I STAND BEFORE
YOU NOW... MY **MIND**
BECOMES **ANGRY** AND **REVOLTS**...

... AND I BECOME... AN
ABSOLUTE LUNATIC...

... THE STORY IS: A **SHIP OF**
FIENDS... AND I ACCOMPANY
APPEARANCES BY **THE THING IN**
HORROR SWAMP, **THE BAG**
OF FLEAS... AND **LUNATIC**
PICNIC... MISS US NOT...



...THIS IS THE ISSUE OF THE **FEAST OF HORROR...**

...THIS IS THE **CORRIDOR OF CARICATURES** BY ARCHAIC AL HEWETSON...
...INSIDE YOU'LL SHOCK TO **THE HORROR-WAR...**
...SCREAM AT **THE WETNESS IN THE PIT...**
...DREAD THE WEIRD HORROR OF **TITAN WEEP...**

...THIS IS THE **Horror Magazine** OF YOUR WILDEST LUNATIC **DREAMS...**

YOUR **NIGHTMARES...**

